



When the fairy tales mixed



15 1 2

Chapter 1 by Patience Johnson

The stories are ruined. They have been mixed up. The book keeper was reckless. He was evil. What are we going to do now that the fairy tales have mixed?

The day was cold. I should've listened to mother. "Put on a coat, or you'll freeze to death." I didn't listen though. As soon as I walked out of the cottage mother yelled to me, "Ella your going to get a cold". I kept walking, feeling the cold bite at my nose, fingertips, and ears. Oh, I'm sorry I'm rude. My name is Ella. Some call me Cinderella though. I have no idea why. My father is away on business. I have gone to gather food for mother and I. As I was taking the shortcut through the woods, I began to feel as though I was being watched. I turn my head quickly, as I do this I catch a glimpse of a shadow. Though I think my imagination got the best of me. I could've swore, the shadow had a crown.

The path was growing darker it seemed. The strange thing was, I swear I keep hearing footsteps behind me. Then, a hand touched my shoulder. I spun around with lightning speed. It was a boy, about my age. "hey, calm down. I am just asking you were I am." He spoke with caution in his eyes. "You are in Colorado." The boy looked confused. "Colorado? Where is that?" Now it is my turn to be confused. "Uh, the United states of America". No luck, he still looked at me like I was a alien. I rolled my eyes and pulled out my phone and showed him the American flag. "Where are you from then?" I questioned the boy. Just then a Gingerbread man jumped out of his bag. Wait I'm hallucinating. That's it, there is no way a gingerbread man just jumped out of his bag. "Oh sorry, this is cinnamon, he is my friend." The...thing smiled. "Hello". I nearly screamed when it spoke. "HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE" I yelled. "He was made in a bakery" the world then went black.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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Chapter 2 by Audrey B

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My eyes fluttered open, with a gasp. I was in a room, I didn't know where, but it was for mother and I, and

"Is she awake?" a tiny voice whispered.

That boy I had met earlier. And that gingerbread man...

"I don't know, but keep your little lips shut. She might figure out who you are."

Well. He's got an attitude.

"No, she wouldn't do that, Cinny. She seems nice."

"Nice? She looked as if she'd gladly notify the queen's men as soon as you asked where this 'Colorado' was."

The queen's... what?

"Don't worry, I trust her. Still though, where are we? I wonder..."

I blinked. I had to hear this story.

"Hey, look, Cinny, she's awake!" The boy had noticed me. Darn.

Cinnamon shushed the excited boy.

"If she blacks out when she sees me the first time, she's gonna black out when she sees me the second time. Got it?"

"Got it," he whispered, and started moving towards me.

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